



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

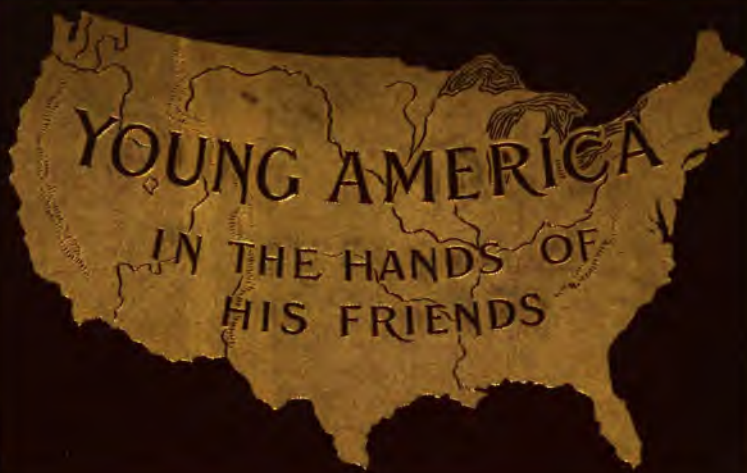
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



A POLITICAL DRAMA

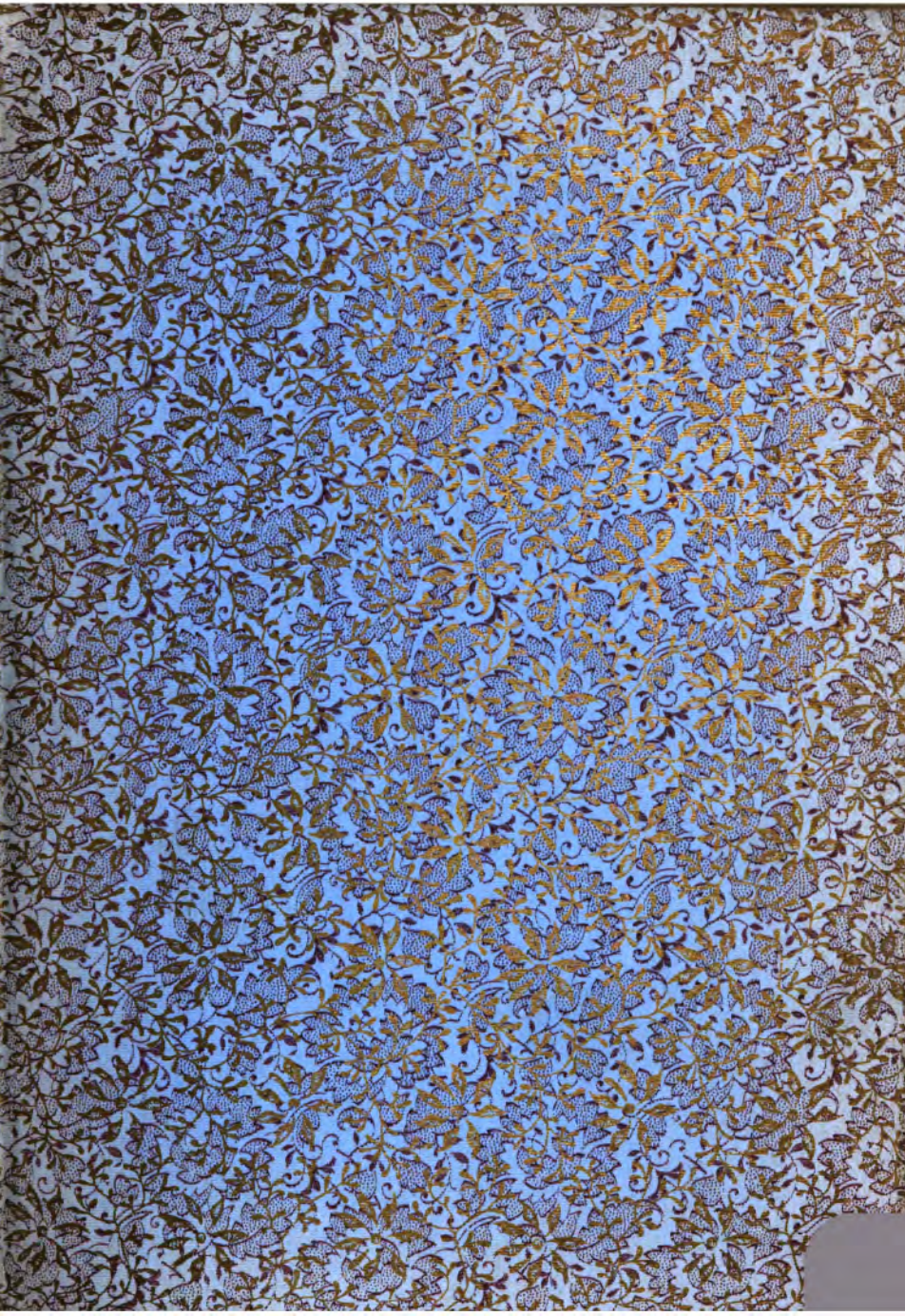
DAL 3215.1.30

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



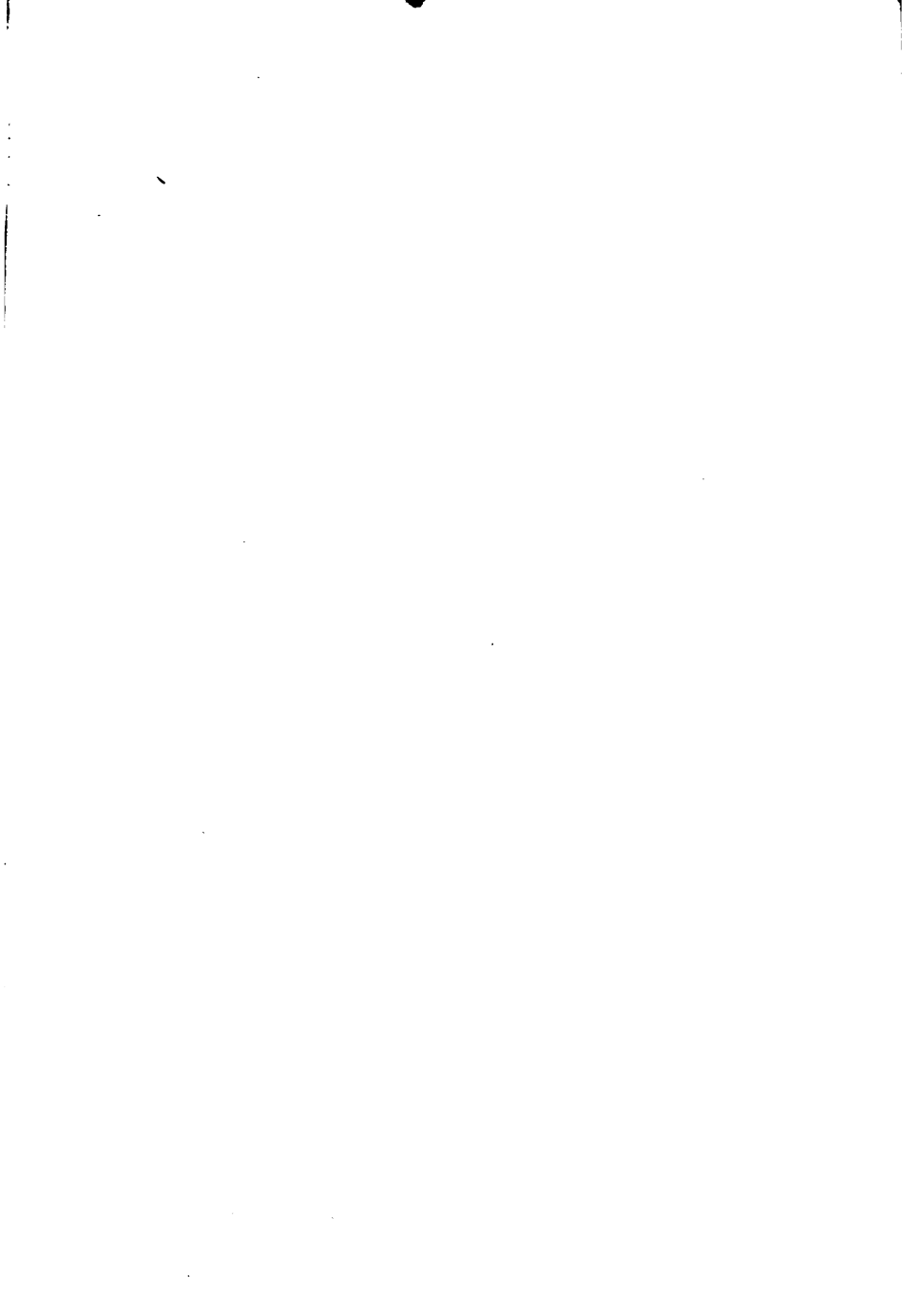
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918











YOUNG AMERICA

**IN THE HANDS OF
HIS FRIENDS**

YOUNG AMERICA

IN THE HANDS OF
HIS FRIENDS

A Political Drama

BY

ARTHUR W. SANBORN



BOSTON
JAMES H. WEST COMPANY

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSSEN WENDELL
1918

DAL 3215.1.30

COPYRIGHT, 1904
By James H. West Company

.....
*A copy of this book will be sent, postage paid, to
any address within the Postal Union, on
receipt of 75 cents by the Publishers.*



PEOPLE REPRESENTED

YOUNG AMERICA.

JOHN BULL.

MR. MONOPOLY.

COLONEL GORGON.

SENATOR JINGO.

SECRETARIES.

SENATORS.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

SOLDIERS, SERVANTS, ETC.

SHADE OF OLD AMERICA.

MISS EMPIRE (*daughter of MR. MONOPOLY; afterward, wife of YOUNG AMERICA*).

FILIPENA.

A WAITING-MAID.

A PAGE.



YOUNG AMERICA

IN THE HANDS OF HIS FRIENDS



YOUNG AMERICA *comes forward and speaks.*

I'M the most utterly bewildered man
In all the world ; between my wife and her father
I'm driven distracted, and something must be done.
Once more, for consolation, I'll ponder it out
And tell you all about it, if you'll listen.
It may be, as I've now and then observed,
In just explaining my predicament
I'll make it clear in some way to myself,
And so escape from my perplexity.
A happy thought ! It lifts my load of care
And shifts a moiety to the listener.
Attend, then, to the burden of the tale.

To begin with the beginning — some years ago,
Along about the end of the Spanish war,

My good old father, Old America,
Passed away quietly and was laid at rest,
Leaving me heir to all his property.
So all my friends (at least I thought at the time
They were my friends) came to congratulate me,
And they all said, *Why don't you marry Miss Empire?*
A lady of aristocratic birth
And native parentage, but nursed abroad
In palaces and courts of emperors.
A beauty? Well, at least a gorgeous creature,
Graced with the attributes that wealth endows
And a most haughty and imperial air.
Senator Jingo, a great friend of mine,
First introduced me. I was fascinated.
Besides, her father, Old Monopoly,
Held a mortgage on the place, so, every way,
Our union seemed disposed by destiny.
Destiny! That's the word — my destiny!
The rostrum, and the pulpit, and the hustings
All in a chorus hang upon that strain.
Destiny! You understand it? Well, I don't.
If I do so-and-so, that's destiny.
Very well, then; if I don't do it, *that's* destiny.
It's all the same — like the philosopher
Who sat himself down in a quiet nook
To meditate in subtle contemplation
This mystery, that one and one make two,
And yet if you divide one it makes two.

Now this problem I'm speaking of, this destiny,
Is just as hard as that — by Jove, it is.
It's incomprehensible. Well, never mind.
After our marriage (I forgot to say
I married her), my wife essayed the reins
And drove me to expense beyond my means
By her extravagance and royal style.
All the plain customs of my father's time
Were pushed into the corner one by one
As far as she ventured ; she held court abroad,
And our ambassadors burst into bloom
In knee-breeches and ruffles, and the like of that.
But this was the misfortune of it all —
She must have servants, and demanded Cuba Libre,
Whose freedom I had pledged, for a waiting-maid.
I put her off, at least for a little while,
And in her place I purchased Filipena,
A gentle creature, I thought, a timid girl,
Easily ruled. I paid a round price for her.
What do you think? She met us with a smile
And a word of thanks ; but when she learned our
purpose
She cried a little and then flew into a fury.
The ways of women ! I said, let her go,
And the twenty millions, too, I had paid over.
The devil if I could make war on a woman.
Yes, that's the trouble. My wife stamped her foot
And railed in anger, and my father-in-law

Came rushing up and threatened me with foreclosure.
All my old friends, too, and officials, all of 'em,
Urged me to the war. Some talked of destiny,
And some of glory, of riches gained in trade,
And the barbarous heathen to be Christianized.
Arguments enough, and good ones, on my word,
For slaughtering all mankind. Well, I consented.
So in all haste my wife prepared for the war,
And off she went with an army in her train
And a navy to salute her with great guns.
Now, like an ill wind forecasting a storm,
She has got up in the darkness of the East,
And groans of death begin to fill the air,
Coming unwitnessed from those distant isles,
First one or two, like early water-fowl
That pass unnoticed floating in the sky,
But now in numbers clamoring to the clouds
They fill my ears, those far-off mournful cries.
It's quite distressing ; at least, it would be so
If I had not discovered recently
A remedy — just stopping up my ears.
Would that I might as easily escape —

(Enter two SERVANTS with bundles of papers.)

Well, come, now, what are these you're throwing down ?

FIRST SERVANT.

Bills, sir.

(Exit.)

SECOND SERVANT.

Bills.

(Exit.)

YOUNG AMERICA.

Yes, that's the cue. I'm deluged with the bills
For men and guns, provisions and supplies,
Transports, and hospitals, and battle-ships,
And all that goes to make a costly war,
Fought at arm's length, as such a war must be.
Sometimes I get disgusted utterly,
And chiefly when I take a pen in hand
And sit down sadly, in a reckoning mood.
At times, when I am buried in progressions,
I estimate to get my money back,
Without the interest, in a thousand years.
Not a great prize, I swear, is Filipena.
Well, never mind. I wouldn't, on my word,
Could I have realized that dispensation
To Christianize her, as I fondly hoped.
My God! the very first communication
The creature sent me was a Bible text —
Do unto others as you would that others
Should unto you. I couldn't think off-hand
Of just the proper text to answer that,
So I lay still, depending on the guns.
After all, that's the only quotient left
Of this world's problem. Glory — sweet's the word!
And often, after the day's work is done,
Supper dispatched, the newspaper at hand,

I seize the sheet, under the evening lamp,
And read tales of the wonder-working East;
Fabulous, far-off armies ranked in war,
Terrible skirmishes, and hot pursuits,
And oh! such thundering great proclamations
Discharged abroad over my signature;—
I say, when all this swims before my eyes
Then I begin to feel my dignity,
And it does seem as if my destiny
Was something or other, or something else, or some-
thing.

(SERVANTS pass in and out, bringing the mail.)

Another mail! Well, put your baggage down.
No wonder (is it?) that my temper's crossed,
With all this business blocking up my doors.
It is my own, neglected and despised.
Now, to my knowledge, since my wedding-day
My own affairs and private enterprises
Have had but so much claim upon my time,
So much consideration and relief,
As just to keep them running day by day
And hold the government upon the rail.
All my time else, in congress and in court,
Is charged up to my wife's necessities.

(Re-enter SERVANTS.)

Hello! What's this that makes a load for two?

SERVANT.

It's labeled, *Diplomatic correspondence.*

YOUNG AMERICA.

What! All that bulk! Just diplomatic notes!

*Enter COLONEL GORGON and three SECRETARIES with
State documents in their hands.*

COLONEL GORGON.

My dear fellow, how well you look!

FIRST SECRETARY.

How prosperous!

SECOND SECRETARY.

How contented!

THIRD SECRETARY.

How happy!

YOUNG AMERICA.

If I am happy in one thing in this world
It's in the absence of that War Secretary!
I don't see him among you, as usual.

COLONEL GORGON.

Ah, no. He's drafting proclamations.

YOUNG AMERICA.

For what purpose?

COLONEL GORGON.

To lure down Filipena from the hills
And pacify her — an alternative.

YOUNG AMERICA.

That's excellent. He haunts me like a ghost
With his dispatches and bills and requisitions
And drafts, and orders on the arsenals.
Bless the new turn. Let him draw proclamations
Forever hereafter, and file them on his sword.
I'm lighter-hearted. Now what are these papers
That you have sifted out for my approval?

FIRST SECRETARY.

The Cuban treaty.

YOUNG AMERICA.

And yours?

SECOND SECRETARY.

The Philippine budget.

YOUNG AMERICA.

And those documents you hold?

THIRD SECRETARY.

Our case against the Porto Rican merchants.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Is this all? Surely there is something more.

COLONEL GORGON.

Our last proclamation, a masterpiece.

YOUNG AMERICA.

No, you mistake me. I mean something more —

COLONEL GORGON.

Now I remember. What an oversight!

(He produces a book.)

This little volume —

YOUNG AMERICA.

No, I mean something that concerns myself,
My own accounts, my proper home affairs.

COLONEL GORGON.

Exactly; here is something to the point.
This little volume let me recommend
To your attention; in it you will find
High principles of civic righteousness
And stern endeavor; a miscellany;

COLONEL GORGON.

Yes, a bear hunt.

YOUNG AMERICA.

You killed it?

COLONEL GORGON.

It was my good fortune.

YOUNG AMERICA.

A monster!

COLONEL GORGON.

You infer rightly.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Come now, we're settled to hear it.

COLONEL GORGON.

Then, as you wish it, I'll indulge the time
And gratify you with the narrative.
The more so, that it points a paradox
Illustrating the *Gospel of Hard Work*,
In this wise: When you trail Old Ephraim
You will observe ——

Enter the FOURTH SECRETARY, *hastily, with a paper*
in his hand.

YOUNG AMERICA.

That apparition again !

COLONEL GORGON.

What's this ! You're agitated.

FIRST SECRETARY.

What is it ?

SECOND SECRETARY.

What's the matter ?

THIRD SECRETARY.

What's happened ?

FOURTH SECRETARY (*seating himself with a groan*).

A cable from the Philippines !

COLONEL GORGON.

Is it bad news ?

YOUNG AMERICA.

All dispatches are, all of 'em.

FIRST SECRETARY.

My heart misgives me. It's our proclamation.

COLONEL GORGON.

Explain yourself. Is it our proclamation ?

YOUNG AMERICA IN THE

FIRST SECRETARY.

It's a problem for a full cabinet.

FOURTH SECRETARY.

I'll tell you who can solve it — Senator Jingo.

COLONEL GORGON.

The very man! But where is he?

YOUNG AMERICA (*to SERVANT*).

Where is he, do you know? Where's Senator Jingo?

SERVANT.

Solving world's problems in the committee-room.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Make haste, then, and request his presence here.

COLONEL GORGON.

Remember — on urgent business.

(*Exit SERVANT.*)

FOURTH SECRETARY.

I know I shall be blamed for this mischance,
And men who never drew a proclamation
Will cavil at it and deride my pains.
Oh, ignorance! Everywhere it baffles me.
If they knew Filipena and understood her

As well as I do they would cease to scoff.
She's incorrigible. My first proclamation
She laughed at, the next aroused her anger,
And this one is rejected with contempt.
Ungrateful wretch! It was a masterpiece!
Why, it imposed a form of government
Beyond her wildest dreams of liberty —

YOUNG AMERICA.

You're sure it wasn't a nightmare?

COLONEL GORGON.

I wonder you insult the unfortunate.
A man, too, of such eminent desert
And public spirit; it's really wonderful.
Oh, how we toil to reap ingratitude!
But never mind. Cheer up your heart, my friend.
I'll warrant we shall yet reach Filipena
With a proclamation that will bring her down.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Oh, yes, down from the hills into the swamps,
Then back into the hills. I'm out of patience.
I have a mind to investigate for myself
And find out what she wants.

FOURTH SECRETARY.

Pshaw! poh! nonsense! I know what she wants
Much better than you do. You don't understand her.

COLONEL GORGON.

Exactly.

FOURTH SECRETARY.

Not imprisonment !

COLONEL GORGON.

No, no.

FOURTH SECRETARY.

A fine ?

YOUNG AMERICA.

A fine !

COLONEL GORGON.

My dear fellows, cease this controversy.
The culprits (if the charges are sustained
And well attested) shall be reprimanded.
Now, let that settle it. No more of that.

FOURTH SECRETARY.

Well, Colonel.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Why, Colonel —

COLONEL GORGON.

No more, no more.

(Re-enter SERVANT, followed by SENATOR JINGO.)

You're welcome, Senator. We'll only trouble you
For a moment, a golden moment, of your time.

SENATOR JINGO (*abstractedly*).

There's Havemeyer, number one.

COLONEL GORGON.

How's that?

SENATOR JINGO.

It leaves us his friendship and a frarction over. •

COLONEL GORGON.

But, my dear Senator!

SENATOR JINGO.

Oh, by the way! Excuse me, gentlemen.
I was on the long column of the Cuban problem.
There's something wanted. Can I aid you here?

COLONEL GORGON.

Senator, just cast your eye over this letter —
Or dispatch, I would say — and give us your opinion.

YOUNG AMERICA.

And mind you, Senator, this present problem
Is taken from the very end of the book,
The World's Arcana — it's a mystery.

We've struggled with it and fallen, one by one,
And you're our last reserve.

FOURTH SECRETARY.

Now, do be careful.

COLONEL GORGON.

Pause on it, Senator. Don't speak hastily.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Because, I warn you, this is critical.
I must find some one, somewhere, in some way,
To solve these problems. I confess *I* can't.

FIRST SECRETARY.

How cool he is!

FOURTH SECRETARY

Hush! He's calculating.

A SERVANT enters and stands at one side, waiting.

SENATOR JINGO.

Hum — General Gatling — what's this? (*He reads.*)
*Have instructed Filipena as directed taxation without
representation means freedom.*

Well, well, that's an ill phrase — execrably stated.
It should be, *is identical with freedom.*

YOUNG AMERICA.

Read on. That isn't all.

SENATOR JINGO.

Or, better still, *is tarntamount to freedom.*

YOUNG AMERICA.

Read on, read on. The sting is in the tail.

SENATOR JINGO (*reading*).

*Have skirmished dictionary. Desperate situation.
Send more.*

That's all, is it? He asks you to send more.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Yes, that's all.

SENATOR JINGO.

Well, why not send more?

ALL.

More what?

SENATOR JINGO.

More teachers, of course.

COLONEL GORGON.

Ah!

YOUNG AMERICA IN THE

YOUNG AMERICA.

More teachers! For whom?

SENATOR JINGO.

Why, sure, for Filipena.

FOURTH SECRETARY (*aside*).Confound it! I supposed he would say, More
cannon.FIRST SECRETARY (*aside*).

He was a professor in his younger days.

COLONEL GORGON.

Senator, we're a thousand times obliged.
It's all as plain as day. How did we miss it?

YOUNG AMERICA.

How *did* we miss it?

COLONEL GORGON.

Not one of us is equal to the Senator
In solving problems and explaining what we do.
How clear he makes it! How unanswerable!
Make out an order instantly for more teachers,
And cable Gatling they are on the way.
It will ease his mind and relieve the situation.

SENATOR JINGO.

The more the better.

COLONEL GORGON.

Yes, certainly. Good morning, Senator.
I see you're in a hurry.

SENATOR JINGO.

Good morning, gentlemen.

COLONEL GORGON.

And I say, Senator !

SENATOR JINGO.

Yes.

COLONEL GORGON.

That Cuban problem — let the answer stand
Just as you have it.

SENATOR JINGO.

That's my view exactly. (*He turns to go.*)

YOUNG AMERICA.

Senator !

SENATOR JINGO.

Well, what is it ?

YOUNG AMERICA.

A moment, Senator. Don't abandon us.
I see your talent is invaluable
In solving problems — it's miraculous.
How even and easily the answer comes !
Before the others get their wits together
You cast a column up and carry one,
And spread the whole result before my eyes
While they stand looking on each other's slates.
No, don't protest. Happy similitude !
It takes me back into my childhood days,
Before this drunken lodger, Empire, came
Into my tenement of quiet thoughts.
Would I were free again. Ah, well-a-day !
Once more I must return to tread the wheel
Of endless problems. (*To the SERVANT.*) What's
your business, sir ?

SERVANT (*giving him a letter*).

This message to be delivered.

YOUNG AMERICA.

My heart forebodes you are an enemy.
You bring another problem to be solved.

SERVANT.

No, sir, a letter from your father-in-law.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Take it away. You know I hate the man.

SERVANT.

But look, sir, here's a card he also sent.
The arms, two lions rampant on a shield,
And all in gilt the signature, — John Bull.

YOUNG AMERICA.

John Bull!

SENATOR JINGO.

What's that! John Bull!

FIRST SECRETARY.

Not John Bull!

SERVANT.

Coming, sir. Right at hand.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Great Scott! What does he mean? What does
he want?

FIRST SECRETARY.

Perhaps the letter tells.

YOUNG AMERICA.

The letter? That's a fact. Perhaps it does.
Now let me see —

(He opens the letter and reads it, while the others look on expectantly.)

To visit you as a friend, the letter says.

COLONEL GORGON.

A happy union! I predicted it.

SENATOR JINGO.

I suggested it.

FIRST SECRETARY.

I aided it, diplomatically.

YOUNG AMERICA (*reading*).

And congratulate you, — on what, I wonder.

FIRST SECRETARY.

Congratulations! Think of that.

YOUNG AMERICA (*reading*).

And once more and forever to be reconciled.

SECOND SECRETARY.

That's a long time, forever.

THIRD SECRETARY.

He means, nine hundred and ninety-nine years.

YOUNG AMERICA (*reading*).

And help you in reforming the whole world.

COLONEL GORGON.

You may need help, you know.

FIRST SECRETARY.

Wonderful news!

SENATOR JINGO.

Oh, say, my friend —

FIRST SECRETARY.

At last, diplomacy has consummated —

SENATOR JINGO.

The very arcme of our fondest hopes —

FIRST SECRETARY.

The dream of poets and philosophers —

SENATOR JINGO.

Is realized. The advarncement of mankind —

FIRST SECRETARY.

Whose giant intellects —

SENATOR JINGO.

With mighty strides —

FIRST SECRETARY.

Fathomed the depths of human brotherhood —

YOUNG AMERICA (*reading*).

And aid you in the East against the Russian.

SENATOR JINGO.

Oh, happy day! The world will now advance
With mighty strides.

YOUNG AMERICA.

I don't know. I don't know. It's mystifying,
That last proposition, thrown in like a postscript.
And then his assistance — that's to be considered.
It never happened in my father's time,
For then, whenever trouble filled the land,
The arm of John Bull was stretched over us
In threat, and not in cheer, across the sea.
Well, times have changed. Besides, I understand,
He also has his troubles in the East.
The Russian in his melancholy soul
There brooding up among the northern lights
Begins to look on China hungrily
And stir his tail across the boundary.
Now, John, who is already at the feast, —

And, like himself (for there is no one else
To whom to liken him), wants all himself, —
May seek my aid against his enemy,
Lying as I do in the Philippines,
With half my navy in the China sea.
Is that his scheme? Well, surely, if it is,
I'll know it by the cunning in his eye.
I'll watch him close. I'll read his countenance,
And in this slippery diplomatic game
I'll put him down twice if he rises once.

FIRST SECRETARY.

How you misjudge him! You don't know John Bull.

SERVANT (*re-entering*).

He's coming, sir, — right here.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Let me consider, now, what I shall say.

SERVANT.

He's a nice, affable old gentleman.

YOUNG AMERICA.

You've seen him, then?

SERVANT.

As much as I could see standing on tiptoe

And looking through the fashionable throng.
My eyes! The whole distinguished company
Of gentlemen and ladies, one and all,
Swarm to him like the hive-bees to the queen.
Hark! You can hear the hum. — And here they are.

*Enter MR. MONOPOLY and JOHN BULL, followed by
a great crowd.*

MR. MONOPOLY.

I am rejoiced once more to reunite —

JOHN BULL (*rushing forward and embracing YOUNG
AMERICA*).

O my son! my son!

YOUNG AMERICA.

For God's sake, cousin, loosen your embrace.
A little easier, or you'll stifle me.
I'm glad to see you; welcome to my home.
There's my hand, cousin — Why, you're shedding tears.

JOHN BULL.

Don't mind poor old John.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Confound it, cousin, — where's my handkerchief?
It isn't often — but I can't stand this.

JOHN BULL (*weeping*).

O hoo! O hoo!

YOUNG AMERICA (*weeping*).

O hoo! O hoo! O hoo!

MR. MONOPOLY.

Now, isn't this affecting, and natural?
And a great help to the market — enough, I think,
To float all sorts of odd lots of stocks and bonds.
If we had one of those old sacred artists
To paint this, I'd give a fortune, duty off.
What a scene! Two cousins, or some such relatives,
After long estrangement and a weak market,
Become reconciled, to the consternation of the shorts.
Shed a few tears, all you in the background.

JOHN BULL.

It's such a long time — O hoo!

YOUNG AMERICA.

O John, it's such a long — O hoo-hoo!

ALL.

O hoo! O hoo-hoo!

SENATOR JINGO.

Thank providence for this encharnted hour.

JOHN BULL.

My son, excuse this overflow of joy.
It's the 'eart's weakness. There, there, this wont do.
But tell me, for I never could explain,
Why did your father leave me and my 'ome
And break this poor old loving 'eart of mine?

YOUNG AMERICA.

I don't remember, John.

JOHN BULL.

I loved the boy. I always used 'im well.
But, never mind. They know my loving 'eart
And take advantage of me, all of 'em.
Well, well, I'd rather be old honest John
Than own the world; per'aps it's all the same.
Come, let me see your face. — Confound my eyes!
Is this my little grandson? 'Ow you've grown!
Why, you're the tallest man I ever saw.
I am the broadest. — What a grand idea!

YOUNG AMERICA.

What is it, John?

JOHN BULL.

By Jingo, what a bloomin' pair we'd make!
Whichever way we pulled, the earth would turn,
And we could keep it in the family.

'Ow good 'twould be, 'ow like the good old times !
I've been reforming this 'ere wicked world
All by myself, my boy, for centuries,
No one to 'elp me or cry, *Well done, John !*
But now we'll jog together, you and I,
And pull evenly and go 'arf and 'arf.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Half the expense, you mean ?

JOHN BULL.

The expense !

YOUNG AMERICA.

It's terrible, John, it's simply terrible.
There's Filipena, now, whom I'm reforming, —
She's in my debt a devilish great sum,
And still the money runs a steady stream
And no one sees the bottom of the hole.

JOHN BULL.

Tax 'er, my boy, tax 'er ; don't lose a minute.

YOUNG AMERICA.

That's it, John, — she objects.

JOHN BULL.

'Ave you tried opium ?

YOUNG AMERICA.

Not yet, John, but I'm getting desperate.

FIRST SECRETARY.

He means the opium monopoly
In the islands ; we're considering the question
And soon will call for bids.

JOHN BULL.

What ! my old friend ! (*Seizing him by the hand.*)
God bless you, my old friend.

FIRST SECRETARY.

Oh, your most honorable lord excellency !
I'm sure you flatter me.

JOHN BULL.

Look 'ere, all of you ; 'ere you 'ave a statesman,
A real one, a diplomat of Lunnon school,
A graduate exponent of the art.
Once on a time 'e looked over my shoulder
And conned the answers to all my world's problems.
I've watched 'im duplicate 'em one by one
On this side of the ocean, cunning fellow !
Oh, don't deny it. Confess the opium.

FIRST SECRETARY.

I confess I saw that answer.

JOHN BULL.

Sharp! sharp! And never told any one.

YOUNG AMERICA.

How was it, John?

JOHN BULL.

My boy, I solved that problem long ago,
In the good old-fashioned manner. At that time
I was reforming China, an idol-worshiper.
Think of that, will you! An idol-worshiper!

YOUNG AMERICA.

So she is still, John.

JOHN BULL.

Eh? Well, I've changed 'er in some other ways.
At that time opium was contraband.
None of it used, no money made in that.
What did I do? I opened up the ports
And with my cannon let the cargoes in;
And, ever since, I've drawn a revenue
Of millions sterling from that trade alone:
'Ow much, I don't remember — a great profit.
And then, what pleases me, it's all my own.

YOUNG AMERICA.

But — is it — is it right?

YOUNG AMERICA.

In — in doing good.

JOHN BULL.

Bless your soul, boy, d'you think we'd *harm* ourselves?

YOUNG AMERICA.

No, but, John —

JOHN BULL.

Give me your 'and. Of all things in the world
It's doing good as most delights my 'eart,
It's 'elping friends as tickles old John Bull.

(JOHN BULL *and* YOUNG AMERICA *shake hands. All the company shake hands with* JOHN BULL; *with* YOUNG AMERICA; *with each other; and the compact for reforming the whole world is ratified.*)



INTERLUDE.

Dost thou imagine, O America,
This loved dominion that outspreads so far,
 This state and dignity, are all thine own ?
Hast thou recorded what thy title is ?
Art thou the owner of the edifice,
 Or art thou tenant to a Power unknown ?

Who first the bosom of the waters rent ?
Who heaped this length and breadth of continent
 And bottomed it betwixt the raging seas ?
Who poured this wealth of Nature through the land ?
Who hoarded it untouched by human hand
 Down the procession of the centuries ?

Who smoothed the ocean to the Mariner ?
Who wreathed his sails with gently breathing air
 As he crept over the saline abyss ?
Who the great purpose to the great soul joined ?
Who with success the famed adventure crowned ?
 Who spread the furrow from that land to this ?

Who drew the circle round thine infancy ?
Who filled thy breast with valor's high degree
And Freedom's voice, now sunk in murmurings ?
Who lit the flame ? Who fanned the enmities
Between the rivals of the narrow seas,
And freed thee by the jealousy of kings ?

Yea, step by step the Lord thy strength has been.
He wrapped thee from the enmity of men
In the deep mystery that His might enshrouds.
He gave thee to His ministers to keep,
The angels that the empyrean sweep
And tread upon the trestle of the clouds.

Three hundred years that watch whose duty is
Has led thy footsteps through the wilderness,
In safety journeying over wastes unknown.
Oh, what ingratitude, what wayward pride,
Has turned thee from that heavenly path aside
And tempted thee to seek the earthly crown ?

Oh, shun the darkness ere the day is spent !
No refuge is, no safety, no content,
No comfort, but the everlasting Word.
Behold, thou tread'st upon a precipice !
To look down is to fall in the abyss.
Look upward, oh, look upward to the Lord.

Enter SENATOR JINGO and other SENATORS, SECRETARIES, etc., passing through.

SENATOR JINGO.

Yes, sir, it's almost the millennium —
Every one happy and contented and prosperous ;
At least I know I am. How is it with you ?

FIRST SENATOR.

The same, exactly.

SENATOR JINGO.

And you ?

SECOND SENATOR.

I feel just the same way.

SENATOR JINGO.

And all the rest — is it the same with you ?

ALL.

Yes, yes, yes.

SENATOR JINGO.

Well, that's the way it goes. It's wonderful
What general prosperity there is.
And yet there are people still, those argitators,
Who keep on grumbling and muttering, like thunder

After a storm. It's just preposterous.
They weary me and every one but themselves,
I'm sure of that ; the world's all right as it is,
Or else it wouldn't be so. That's my argument.

FIRST SENATOR.

And plain enough to any one but a heathen.

SENATOR JINGO.

It's the absolute truth, and it's good logic.

FIRST SECRETARY.

Sounds religious.

SECOND SECRETARY.

Almost proverbial.

FIFTH SECRETARY.

And effective on the stump.

SENATOR JINGO.

You think so ?

FIFTH SECRETARY.

I'll tell you why. I accompanied the Colonel,
As you all know, on his swing around the circle
Through the provinces, a vote-prospecting tour.
We made speeches everywhere, to every one ;

And I thought sure the proper thing to do —
And so I did myself — was to controvert
And argue down our opponents' arguments.
A mistake! A waste of time! I see it now.
After all, there *is* a reason why some men
Are presidents, and others secretaries.

SECOND SECRETARY.

Eh?

FIFTH SECRETARY.

It's a fact. The Colonel far surpassed me.

SENATOR JINGO

He advanced better arguments?

FIFTH SECRETARY.

Not an argument, not one.

SECOND SECRETARY.

Solid facts?

FIFTH SECRETARY.

No, he contradicted 'em.

FIRST SENATOR.

New ideas?

SECOND SENATOR.

Come, you know better than that.

That rascally doorkeeper. (*He opens the door.*) Hello!
Who's here?

DOORKEEPER (*coming forward*).

What is it, sir?

YOUNG AMERICA.

Did you call, just now? Did you say anything?

DOORKEEPER.

Not a word; no, sir.

YOUNG AMERICA (*closing the door*).

Nonsense; it was my imagination.
And yet once in a while that same idea
Has overcast my fancy like a shadow
And vanished in the passing of a thought.
The reason is, I've been completely raddled
With entertaining my distinguished guests.
Not such poor subjects of necessity
As sought our bounty in the olden times,
But royal nabobs, princes of the blood.
Stay! There's a memorandum I forgot.
Let me recall now, for remembrance' sake,
How many toasts and liquid sentiments
Were passed between me and the German prince.
The Emperor, that's one. *The Navy*, two.
The Army, three. The fourth was — let me see —

(*The DOORKEEPER throws open the doors.*)

Ho ! close the doors and leave me to myself.
I've sat down for a nap.

DOORKEEPER.

They're coming, sir.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Who 're coming — who ?

DOORKEEPER.

Miss Empire's train, the whole great company.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Ah ! I remember. There's a ball to-night
In celebration of my wife's return
With Filipena in triumphant state.
I'm dreaming awake : I might as well have slept.

*Enter MISS EMPIRE, attended by a WAITING-MAID
and a PAGE, escorted by SOLDIERS dragging FILI-
PENA, and followed by COLONEL GORGON, SENATOR
JINGO, SECRETARIES, SENATORS, and a great retinue.*

MISS EMPIRE.

What ! Not yet ready !

YOUNG AMERICA.

Ready for what, my dear ?

MISS EMPIRE.

Why, for what should you be ready, pray tell me,
But for the ball, the imperial ball to-night ?

YOUNG AMERICA.

I'm not going, my dear.

MISS EMPIRE.

How absurd ! Of course you're going.

YOUNG AMERICA.

I'm too tired.

MISS EMPIRE.

You try my temper. How exasperating !
You know we have distinguished company
At the rout to-night ; no princes, more's the pity.
I do long for a prince. But never mind.
There's some consolation — a duke or two,
And another count, besides the ambassadors.

YOUNG AMERICA.

No princes, you say ?

MISS EMPIRE.

No princes, you *know*.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Why, lately I can hardly keep the score
Of princes, which are out and which are in.
They come uncounted ; almost every week
The ocean heaves a new prince into port,
To be fêted, and paraded in the streets,
And shaken by the hand. First, there's the Ger-
man ——

MISS EMPIRE.

Oh, don't recall it ; pray don't mention that.
It makes me miserable, the very thought.
And in my absence, too, all unprepared
For such an honor, and yourself untrained
In the etiquette of royal personages.
Without our servants, too, — our Porta Rica
Really the only one presentable ;
Our Filipena not yet pacified,
And Guam in the sulks — wasn't it terrible ?
I blush at recollection. And you yourself
So free and easy, not to say provincial,
In manners. After all my admonitions
And warnings what to do and what to say
In the conjuncture of a prince's visit,
What did you call him ? Oh, horrors ! “ *Mr. Prince* ” !

YOUNG AMERICA.

I deny it.

MISS EMPIRE.

You did, you know you did ; every one knows
The whole affair, all the particulars.
And such familiarity — it was shameful. .
Where is the book of etiquette I gave you ?
And the Peerage, too, and the Court-manual ? —
Thrown in the corner, while you read the papers
From morning till night, and study politics.
Politics indeed ! A shameful waste of time.
Diplomacy alone is honorable.
You should be entered in the world's mêlée,
Mining and countermining governments,
Courting alliances, and struggling hard
To win more servants. Look how I'm attended.
Only one waiting-maid, a simple creature,
And, for a page, this urchin of a boy.

YOUNG AMERICA.

They seem well enough. (*He turns to the WAITING-
MAID.*) What's your name, my girl ?

WAITING-MAID.

I got no name.

YOUNG AMERICA.

But who are you ?

WAITING-MAID.

Nobody.

YOUNG AMERICA.

But what do people call you ?

MISS EMPIRE.

Tell him at once, I warn you.

WAITING-MAID.

Before I knew you, in my Spanish days,
When I was humble servant to the Don,
I had a name of my own, *Porta Rica*.
A very good one, you say ; perhaps it was.
And so unusual how it came to pass
The way I lost it ; when I hear the war,
And the great guns go *Boom !* over the sea,
I ran away from the Don and came to meet you.
Truly I thought to keep the name I had
Or get another one, *Americana*.
O Jesu ! What mistake I surely was !
I lost the name I had and gets no other,
But when they wants me they says, *Come here, nigger*.

YOUNG AMERICA.

The Supreme Court must furnish you a name.

WAITING-MAID.

What you call judges ? They says I hasn't any.

YOUNG AMERICA.

The Administration, then.

WAITING-MAID.

They says I can't have any.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Poor creature.

WAITING-MAID.

Am I never have a name?

YOUNG AMERICA.

I'm sure I don't see how. [*To MISS EMPIRE.*] This
little fellow

Who holds your train up surely has a name.

OFFICER (*pricking the PAGE with his sword*).

Tell us your name.

PAGE.

Ow!

YOUNG AMERICA.

That's a strange name. Come, boy, tell me again.

SOLDIER (*pricking the PAGE with his bayonet*).

Tell him your name.

PAGE.

Oh-o-o!

YOUNG AMERICA.

Hold on, there! Put up your bayonet.
I see he is some sort of foreigner,
Who hasn't learned the language.

MISS EMPIRE.

Oh, you don't know him, the most obstinate,
Impudent, worthless, lazy little rascal
In the two hemispheres; his name is Guam.
He might be useful, I thought, as a page,
And serve to hold up the imperial train
Of Spain's long robe, now on my shoulders worn.
You've heard his name. I sent an officer
And detail of marines to bring him here,
Which they accomplished after much delay
And a long chase. He ran off to the hills
And got drunk, so they say, with the marines.
All the reports are so inebriated
I hardly know. At least, I punished him.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Poor little fellow! He wanted to keep warm.

MISS EMPIRE.

Have you been drinking? How ridiculous!

YOUNG AMERICA.

No, no, my dear, but some people, in some places —

FIRST SOLDIER.

He lives in the South sea, Cap'n.

SECOND SOLDIER.

And hotter than the devil.

THIRD SOLDIER.

We drink there to keep cool.

MISS EMPIRE.

Be still, all of you! Stand back in your ranks;
And let me say I shall not long endure
These volunteers as soldiers of my guard.
Soldiers indeed! Mere bagatelle and trash.
They stare at me, and speak before they're spoken to,
And tread upon my train with their brogans.
It's too vexatious, just intolerable.
Where are my hundred thousand regulars?
A long time raising and drilling, I declare.

YOUNG AMERICA (*aside*).

A long time drawing pay, too, I declare.

MISS EMPIRE.

Where are my hundred thousand men, I ask you.

FILIPENA.

O Dios !

YOUNG AMERICA.

What's that ! A voice ?

FILIPENA.

O Jesu !

MISS EMPIRE.

Be quiet, Filipena.

OFFICER.

If she speaks again, give her the bayonet.

SECRETARY.

No, no, not in this presence.
Just knock her on the head with the Constitution.

FILIPENA.

O santa Madre !

YOUNG AMERICA.

Is it possible ? Can this be Filipena ?

MISS EMPIRE.

Answer him, girl.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Who would have thought it? What a wretched creature!

MISS EMPIRE.

Answer him, I say.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Poor thing! She's starved and wasted to the bone.

MISS EMPIRE.

Pray make her answer, Colonel.

OFFICER.

Attention!

COLONEL GORGON.

Look up, here, Filipena, and answer me.
You know me, who I am, — the Colonel.

FILIPENA.

Señor, I know you much. Why not I know?
You very great talker, you cure the disease
And kill no patient — ain't that what you say?
Cure me that way? Oh, no. These two, t'ree years
Have you pursue me with a gun to kill,
And plague and fever and starvation gone.
You sabe that? Some great monopoly

Is for your treatment ; a poor wretch like me,
No good that medicine, that cure, — it kill.

COLONEL GORGON.

Nonsense ; your ignorance exceeds belief.
You're not mistreated ; you're assimilated
And blest with liberty beneath our rule.

FILIPENA.

Ah, buenos ! Libertad !

COLONEL GORGON.

Yes, liberty ; we grant you liberty,
And all exacted of you in return
Is prompt obedience and gratitude.

FILIPENA.

I *hate-a* you !

YOUNG AMERICA.

Confound the vixen ! What a spiteful temper !
I marvel how she ever was subdued
And captured, anyway.

WAR CORRESPONDENT (*coming forward*).

Say, I can tell you how the feat was done.
I was right there on the spot and looking on.

COLONEL GORGON.

My dear fellow, I've met you before.

WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Yes, once before, Colonel.

COLONEL GORGON.

In Cuba.

WAR CORRESPONDENT.

The very place.

COLONEL GORGON.

I'll warrant you did something wonderful.

WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Well, I belonged to the newspaper brigade
That followed the Rough Riders to the war,
And through it all as nobly fought for them
As they did for their country.

COLONEL GORGON.

My friend, I honor you.
Though providence does not to you assign
The wild charge and the shout of victory,
Yet who more useful in their country's cause
Than the reporters who stand behind the line
And with mere numbers affright the enemy?

WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Colonel, your compliment quite overwhelms me.

YOUNG AMERICA.

No doubt, but tell me — you're certain you were there?

WAR CORRESPONDENT.

The first man on the spot.

YOUNG AMERICA.

I mean, when she was captured.

WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Exactly ; I saw it all.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Then tell me the whole story.

WAR CORRESPONDENT.

From the beginning?

YOUNG AMERICA.

The whole adventure, mind you, egg and bird.

MISS EMPIRE.

Why, you've heard that before.

YOUNG AMERICA.

But not the details, the particulars.

WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Ahem !

Far from the valleys and the rolling hills,
The Kansan plains in veil of vapor clad ;
Far from the murmur of his native shore
And the last ripple of the Golden Horn ;
Transported to the tropic wilderness,
In breathless silence crouching in the brake,
His heart distended, filled with high resolve,
Undaunted, with his good sword in its sheath,
Thus Fustian, like an eagle in the swamp,
Lay all that night, with eyes that never slept.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Hold on there ! Whom was he hiding from ?

WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Well, you must know, our army for two years
Had trodden down the island east and west,
And north and south, and over coast to coast.
We swept the jungle, burned the villages,
Trampled the crops, slaughtered the animals,
Seized ammunition, arms, necessities
Of all kinds ; in fact, we changed the island
Into a sort of howling wilderness.

COLONEL GORGON (*aside, to CORRESPONDENT*).
The flag! You've forgotten the flag!

WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Always victorious; over all the land
The flag of freedom (*Applause.*) like a comet waved.
(*Great applause.*)
Thus everywhere we conquered everything;
Yet Filipena baffled our pursuit,
Hiding in hills and impenetrable swamps.
Only the ground we camped on was our own;
All else she roamed in, vanishing before us
And closing up like water in our rear.
So the war stood, when Fustian undertook
This stratagem — he went and hid himself.

COLONEL GORGON.

Ah, wonderful!

WAR CORRESPONDENT.

In damp and darkness he watched out the night,
Until it seemed about the morning hour.
Then he looked forth; the moon had disappeared!
With cautious circumspection he crept out
And reconnoitred — and found her under a cloud.
Again he hastily concealed himself
And never stirred till morning lit the east.
At last it dawned. Admonished by the sun,

Fustian arose and inward took his way
Through the deep woods, or by some narrow path
That trailed off to the mountain fastnesses.
Rivers he passed, valleys and hills he crossed,
And presently, about the noonday hour,
Afar off in the forest he descried
What seemed a dwelling hidden in the trees.
Under the plantain and the woven vine,
And the tall bamboo that sailed over all,
With cunning skill the nipa-hut was raised ;
And near it, like a hunted animal
Beside its hole, had Filipena crept,
And there lay watchful at the mid-day meal.
Now Fustian, closely squatted in the swamp,
Assayed his wits, and soon this plan devised :
First he laid off his karki uniform
And donned the native garb ; then he concealed
His sword behind him, in his right hand held,
And, like a fearless lion stepping forth,
He cried out, *Amigo ! a friend ! a friend !*
Straightway she rose and welcomed his approach.
With friendly salutation he drew near
And begged a portion of the scant repast.
A stratagem ! When Filipena turned
And stooped down to the basket at her feet,
Quick as a flash he seized her by the hair,
And, brandishing his sword, with joyful shouts —
Re-echoed round the world from sea to sea —

He dragged her, wailing, to captivity.
 Heroic man ! The earth's declining years
 Shake off their weakness, and the fire of fame
 Once more burns brightly, by a Fustian stirred.

(Great applause and cries of Bravo ! Bravo !)

YOUNG AMERICA.

Encore ! The story of my glory swells
 The further it rolls on.

WAR CORRESPONDENT.

It's all the truth.

MISS EMPIRE.

Come, gentlemen, we tarry here too long.
 Let us all forward. The reception waits.

FILIPENA.

Oh, let me tell you how that man, that Fustian ——

OFFICER.

Silence !

FILIPENA.

And Jacob Smeet ——

MISS EMPIRE.

No more delay. Let her be dragged along.

FILIPENA.

O diablo! How you kill-a me!

*(Exit all but YOUNG AMERICA.)*YOUNG AMERICA *(to the DOORKEEPER)*.

Make fast the door, and, mind you, my good fellow,
Let no one enter or disturb my rest.

(Exit DOORKEEPER. YOUNG AMERICA disposes himself for a nap in a chair.)

Let the reception and the dance swing on
Without my presence, for a time, at least.
I'm not inured to following the Colonel
In this new-fashioned, strenuous style of life
He leads me. I must rest between the rounds.

(He closes his eyes, but opens them again presently.)

That was a wonderful exploit of Fustian's!

(He appears to sleep, but starts up again.)

There! I forgot to ask the Senator
Why all our servants are dissatisfied.
I'd like to know. *(He takes out his note-book.)*
Mem. — To ask the Senator —
And yet, he always answers, *All is well*,
And proves it by a common multiple
Called Destiny — old Destiny again!

(He replaces his note-book.)

Now all my cares are lifted from my mind.
My duty's done ; my spirit walks in peace. (*He sleeps.*)

The form of OLD AMERICA appears and speaks.

Awake, my son ! (*YOUNG AMERICA wakes.*)
Listen, and speak not ; harken to my tale.
I stood at the beginning of the State
And viewed the surface where the lines were run,
And all my care was, in that thoughtful time,
To rear a structure that should long endure,
Even to the twelfth hour of this mortal day,
Designed in Justice, squared upon the Right,
And driven deep on the eternal plan ;
Not built in error, as the others were,
Nor founded on the shifting centuries.
Not in caprice nor fatal vanity
Were the foundations of the nation traced
When I declared my rights before the world.
With anxious diligence I searched the Past,
And that I might not share the others' fate,
Or chase their faults, or stumble where they fell,
I summoned up the tyrannies of old
And passed the dead of ages in review.
Once more, now, ere you enter on the way
That knows no turning, I will call them forth.
Cast down your eyes into the lower hall.
Fix your glance there ; — Thou Guardian of time,
Whirl the wheel backward ; bring the greatest first.

(The SHADOWS begin to pass over.)

These are the monarchies that chaos claims, —
That perished in the darkness ere the dawn
And left no light. These others shifting by
Are those with records written in the dust.
These that come next, the nations that shall pass
Before your eyes, their warning to unfold.

(Enter the ATHENIANS.)

And look ! the spirit of old Greece appears ;
Famed Athens, with her islands of the blest,
A mother with her children at her knee.
This was the giver of the laurel-wreath,
The least in numbers, greatest in renown,
Whose mighty sequel you yourself may be
In her great error. Mark how Athens fell.

(Enter the ATHENIAN CAPTIVES, in chains.)

Stretched round the enemy, at Syracuse,
Far from her home, was half her army lost,
And all in shame and sorrow, all in tears,
With covered face she bent beneath the blow,
And never lifted up her weeping eyes
Or showed her gladness to the world again.
Oh, happy falls the soldier with his friends
On his loved soil, in boast of Liberty !
Happy his end, but bitter is the death
By insolence and folly beckoned on.

Those islands swimming in the China sea,
Two thousand leagues to leeward of your course,
Swept round with storms and melted in the sun,
Fit only for their swarthy islanders, —
Those islands you have seized on for your prize,
Late purchased by your independence lost,
And held by sufferance of the other Powers,
Might warn you of the fate of Greece of old.
The long arm is the weak arm. Oh ! beware
Lest in the closing circle you are caught,
And such a wailing rises in the land
As tore the heart of Athens long ago.

(They pass. Enter the ROMAN LEGIONS.)

Departed is the glory of her time,
And in her place the mighty Roman stands.
Thus, in the uncorrupted commonwealth,
Marched forth her armies ; thus, at their return,
Poured back into the people and were lost.
This was her well of life, and while it flowed
Pure ran her waters. There, beside her stream,
The Romans flourished, and their climbing town
Unfolded on the sempiternal hills.
There the law reigned, for justice to themselves.
Oh, such the error, the hiatus, was !
Justice to others from their code was lost.
Main lightness ; in unbalanced pride they fell.

(Enter the PRETORIANS, bearing an EMPEROR in their midst.)

And look ! here were the monster emperors spawned
Who worked their ruin, in this stagnant pool,
Rome's standing army, the Pretorian guard.
O you who laughed a little time ago
That but a hundred thousand should be feared
Among a people reckoned like the stars,
Where millions over millions hold their lights
And shine uncoun ted up the heights of heaven,
Behold ! this band — that wore the might of Rome
And strayed at large over her liberties,
Set up and trampled down, cried *Ay* and *Nay*
To the wide world — was forty thousand men !
Sometimes so mighty is the feather's weight,
So light the scale of swaying good and ill.

(They pass. Enter MAHOMET and the ARABIANS.)

This dusty horde that holds a martial way
Before your eyes — these the Arabians,
Who flashed like sudden lightning in the sky
And poured on Europe like a summer shower.
The vulgar conqueror, by greed possessed,
Battles for boundaries and fertile lands
And much rejoices in his realm of earth.
Not so the Arabian dreamer ; he designed
To lord it over all the ridden world
And cast his empire like a floating rein

Over the conscience and the souls of men, —
His Koran thus preceded by the sword
And followed by the sword, as you of late
After this fashion seek to win the world
And stamp all people over in your mould.
Oh, vain ambition of the conqueror !
Go forth and toil against the rising tide,
Or seek to sway the planets from their spheres,
And you shall sooner find your labor's end
Than he who forges fetters for the soul
And thinks to bind the deathless spirit down.
This fruitless wave, sweeping on Europe's shore,
Leaves but a wreck upon the Hellespont,
While all the rest, and all the world that climbs
To glory, has the Galilean won.
Thus shines in triumph the unconquered Word.
Thus great example, working night and day,
Makes time its servant and outwears the sword.

(They pass. Enter the SPANIARDS.)

These sullen columns — with a waving hand
I tell them to you, for you know them well,
And well they know you. The beginning was
Of their great empire as you see it now,
In many marching men ; their end you saw,
Of all the world, in ruin where they lay
Off Santiago when the sun went down ;
And all their history that lies between,

And all their conquests, on an evil page
Are written with an ever-damning pen.
This is the Spain that reached out with her hand
To grasp at everything, yet nothing held ;
For when her face was turned, upon her back
Her subjects in a mutiny arose,
And one by one the pillars of her throne,
As fade the clouds in morning, fell away,
Till you, in glory armed like Nemesis,
Like Nemesis well nigh invulnerable,
Made a short end and cast her from her isles,
Leaving her, like the wolves in winter time,
With nothing but herself to prey upon.
And then — when all the world was looking up
To copy you — and then you copied Spain !
Exchanged your freedom for her tyranny,
Threw down the weapons that had won the fight
And seized upon the weapons that had failed.
Oh, turn back to the highway whence you strayed !
Let Freedom light the islands of the East
And trim her lamp along the Great Antilles,
That noble constellation of the sea ;
The solitaires like a planet's course,
The shining headlands like a milky way,
And even the nebula of coral reefs, —
Oh, let them, like a strain on many strings,
Be mingled in the Western harmony.

(They pass.)

But hark !

The rolling of another drum I hear,
And the quick falling of unnumbered feet
Under the banners of Napoleon !

(Enter NAPOLEON and his GUARD.)

Well may I speak of empire's certain course,
Its rise, its full sway, and its fatal end,
For I with all the world stood wondering by
When great Napoleon ran his race for fame.
With acclamation winning over fear
I hailed the fortunes of his early years,
When Freedom, like a whirlwind at his back,
Bore him from victory to victory,
Till, standing at the parting of the way,
He held in hand two opportunities,
Virtue's sole greatness — and a golden crown.
Alas ! the ambition of his restless mind
Chose the nobility of metal made,
And in his folly brought an empire forth.
Look how the clouds that gather to a storm
Roll over east and west and bridge the heavens ;
So rose his empire ; like the clouds it fell.
Under a clap of thunder he rushed forth,
Raged with the tempest, and, when all was done,
The rain still dripping, under a sad sky,
His penance o'er, on St. Helena died.
Thus lightly to humanity was lost

A spirit of the Ages' laboring birth,
And in the travail of the world brought forth,
Armed with the bolts that might have ruled the storm
And all that time reveals in Nature's plan
Of genius shaped in squares and troops of men.

(They pass. Enter the PURITANS.)

Oh, worthy scene amid this show of ill!
The Pilgrim journeying with the Puritan,
Ere the wide ocean washed them far apart
And contrary winds wafted them contrary.

(Enter the INDEPENDENTS.)

These were the builders of the Commonwealth,
Who wrought the eminence of England's name
And pitched the high note of her worthiness.
For Liberty, that outcast among men,
They lived, they suffered, and they preached the Word;
For this their armies camped upon the field;
For this they wrestled with a faithless age;
For this they raised a voice in terror heard
Above the clamor of the world's debate.
Too high the aim, too noble the conceit,
Oh, too unselfish for the after-times.
Weary of well doing, in an evil hour
Their children yielded to the royal yoke
And from their high endeavor fell away.
Upon the ruins of the Commonwealth

They set an idol up, *The Lord of Trade*,
And stretched an empire over land and sea.
Oh, not for all time was that lease inscribed !
Over their heads continual thunders break
And roll in menace of impending storms.
Their fortunes on the unstable waves are tossed.
Somewhat less proudly floats the *Royal George* ;
Signs of distress upon the decks appear,
And at the masthead trails the union down.

(*They pass. The SHADOWS disappear.*)

No more. The shades of empire pass away
Into the gloom. So they the darkness chose
And light forsook ; even so in darkness fell.
Yet you, in turn, — the last hope of the line, —
Heedless of all, walk down the beaten path
They made in passing to the precipice.
By the beginning may the end be known.

Now over all your northern boundary
The lapse of autumn brings the waning day,
And the first blast of winter rushes down
Across the hills. All night the earth has rocked ;
All night the fury of the north wind blown
Has in its snowy mantle wrapped the ground.
On the new face of Nature nothing stirs
Nor traces on its sheet ; the fox alone
Runs o'er the drifts, and in the trackless snow

First leaves a trail. So let this fatal line
Stretch out across your mind ; naught else be there.

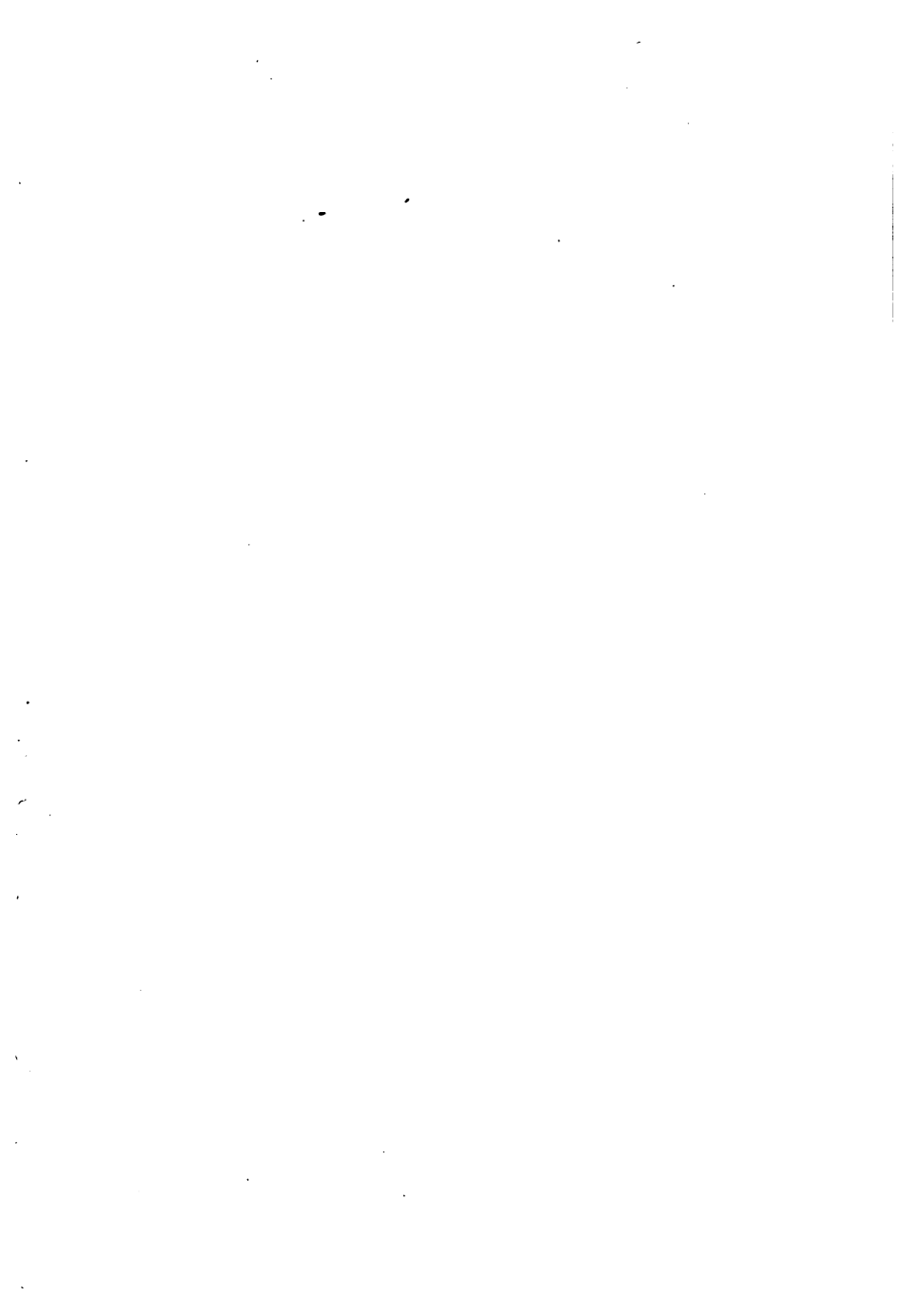
All that the world in the great Day-book writes,
The passions and the follies of the hour,
The hopes, the loves, the fears, the miseries,
Alas ! the joys too slight a crediting,
But selfishness entered in many names
And the account of evil overdrawn —
Oh, pause and meditate these many ills
Before you fill up your allotted page
And blot your future with calamity.
Turn back, turn back into the canceled leaves
And read the record that is written there.
Look how the empires of the world have passed
Under the lightning in the wrathful Hand.
A nation built like them must fall like them,
And fallen never rise again. Farewell.

(The form of OLD AMERICA disappears.)

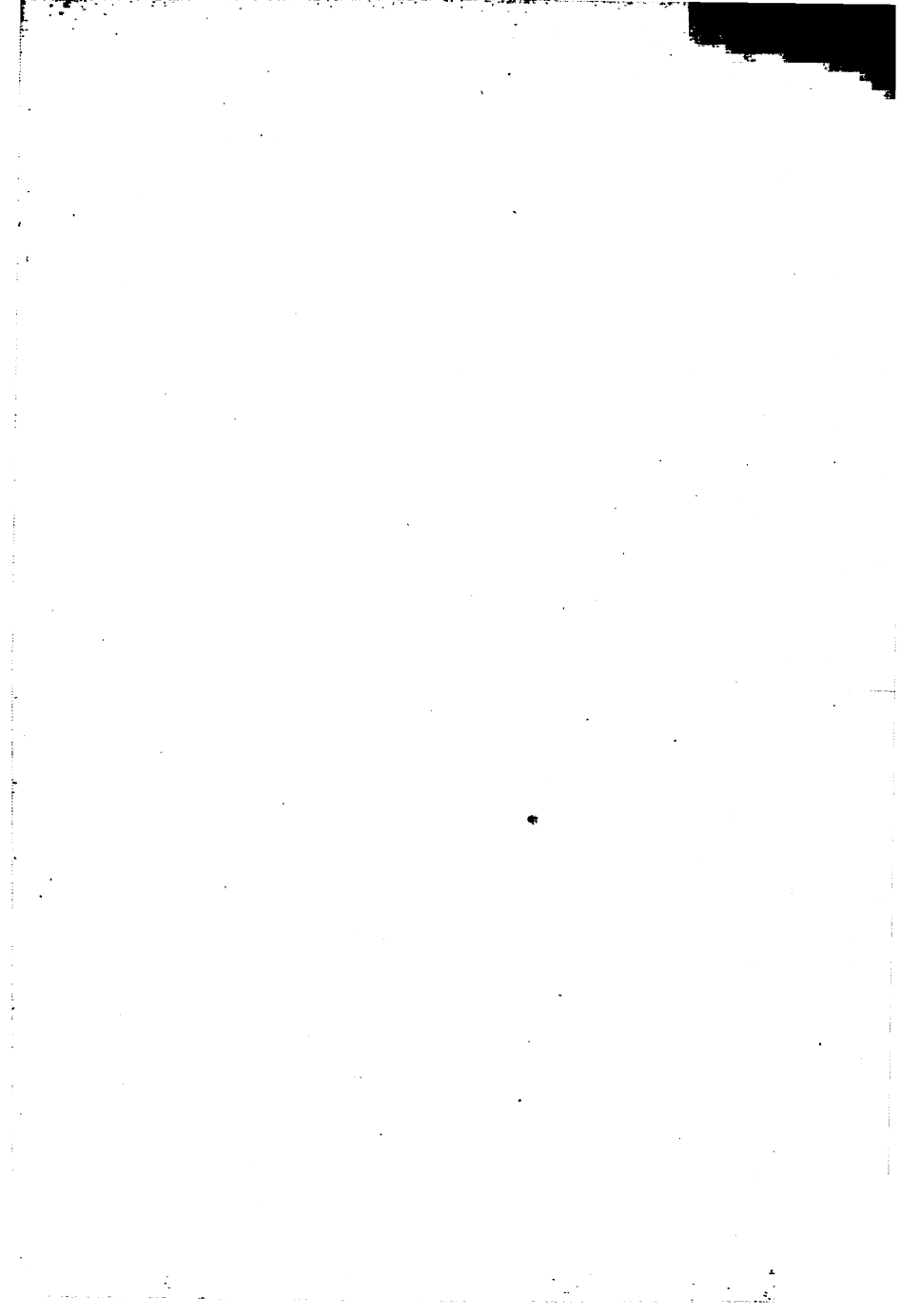


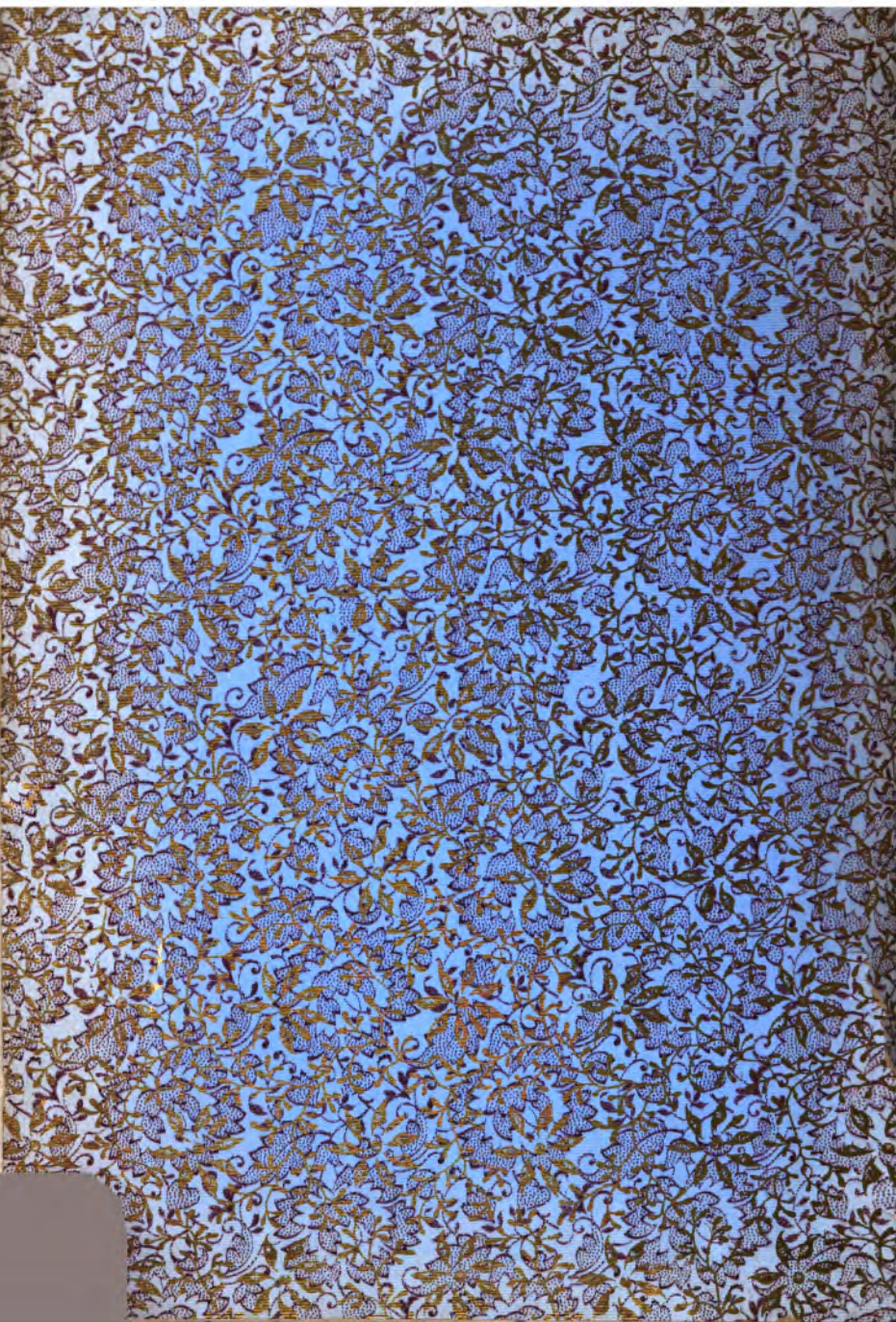






no 5.6
1909





This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

AL 3215.1.30

Young America in the hands of his f

Widener Library

006513889



3 2044 080 925 530